F
811
.J14

The White Conquest

OF

ARIZONA

HISTORY
OF THE PIONEERS

By
ORICK JACKSON

PUBLISHED BY
The West Coast Magazine
PRICE FIFTY CENTS

THE GRAFTON CO. Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

U. C.
ACADEMY OF
PACIFIC COAST
HISTORY

BANCROFT LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/whiteconquestofa00jackrich

THE WHITE CONQUEST

OF

ARIZONA

HISTORY
OF THE PIONEERS

By

ORICK JACKSON

Published by
THE WEST COAST MAGAZINE

The GRAFTON CO. (Inc.)
Los Angeles, Cal.

F 811
J14

Copyrighted 1908, by
WEST COAST MAGAZINE
All rights reserved

716

Contents

Advent of the First White Man

Walker's Famous Expedition

Other Expeditions

Beginning of Indian Hostilities

Ghastly Pinole Treaty

Woolsey's Second Expedition

A One Man Army

Memorable Indian Fights
Skull Valley, What a Boy's Playhouse Did,
Sam Miller's Nerve, The Wickenburg Massacre

Crook and His Work

Names that are Familiar

A Patriotic Pilgrim

Three Women on the Frontier

Desperate Days and Desperate Men

Legend of the Hassayampa

Gigantic Wildcatting

Arizona's First Christmas Tree

Lehigh's Folly

Massacre of the Oatman Family

Lee's Revenge

Illustrations

Famous Hassayampa River
Judge N. L. Griffin
Judge W. H. Kirkland
Gov. Goodwin's Mansion
Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller
Gen. George Crook
Joseph Ehle
Col. Alex. A. Brodie, U. S. A.
J. H. Lee
Wales Arnold
J. N. Rodenburg
Danuel Hatz

Famous Hassayampa River

EIGHT miles south of Prescott, said to have been first explored by Annanias. The legend is that anyone who drinks the water of this River will never again tell the truth, save a dollar or leave the Territory of Arizona.

The White Conquest of Arizona

By

ORICK JACKSON

OF ALL the subdivisions of the American Union, Arizona is the most neglected of any on the pages of history. From that memorable day in 1863, when by proclamation it was cut out from New Mexico, up to the present era, not a leaflet records its vivid past, so far as official consideration goes, nor is there any probability of preserving its earlier life unless a radical reform is inaugurated. The most fascinating and the most thrilling history of the Territory is crystalized around the dark days of the earlier '60's. But of that time what is there to authoritatively point to, or what official data is there to guide one in his research? Absolutely nothing. Aside from a greasy piece of ordinary newspaper about eight inches square, which heralds the birth of Arizona, and on file somewhere at the capital, and a few mouldy books containing the proceedings of the first Legislature at Prescott in 1864, dry and nauseous reading only is available. On the other hand, the scenes that go with thrilling events, that cover the entry of the first white men to an unknown land, that tell the old story over of good old days on a very bad frontier, and kindred doings, all these are lacking. From the disposition of the body politic in Arizona, the average legislator is as desirous of burying the past as he is of crucifying his own ambitions after once he has been elected to that office, and accordingly, any effort to officially and justly weave the story of the past into something definite and legitimate is obnoxious, in view

of the debt he owes his constituency who frequently have a financial string of their own to pull at, and from which their personal beacon light generally gets the biggest end of the bolt. Time and again have meritorious measures been broached to preserve the historical beauties of the past, but just as often have they been shelved. With but one exception have the appeals of the pioneers been answered. That single exception is known as the Pioneer Society at Tucson. It gets, biennially, the semblance of regard in a burro appropriation of money to "sustain" its aims and objects. Measured in service to the cause, the janitor gets the first whack at it, and the landlord who owns the room in which the "display," as they call it, is open to all, starts in to squeal about the middle of the month for the pittance that is left, and nearly collapses when pay day is before him in reality. Individualism in Arizona is equally lockstepped to the brethren who are in the official saddle in respect to the pioneer. One by one, as they pass over the Divide, there attends the usual obsequies, and after they are laid away, that is the end of them. Possibly a few may linger long enough in memory to recall how they ran the gauntlet in the Dragoons, how single handed they "fit" Natchez and Nana to a standstill on the Santa Cruz, how "Bill" Jones stampeded a rancheria on the Hassayampa, and other hair-breadth adventures, but when once they are in the cold earth, the past goes with them.

Get on your hands and knees and creep down the long line of mounds that cover Paulin Weaver, John Townsend, King S. Woolsey, Al. Sieber, Charley Spencer, Dan O'Leary, Pat Kehoe, Willard Rice, Billy Mccloud, Gus Swain, Captain Joe Walker and score and scores of other brave men in the same cause. What faces you in recognition of the valiant life they followed to blaze the mountain side with trails to lead and guide those who were to follow? So far as Northern Arizona figures in this utter disregard of the pioneer, even in death, it is a disgraceful fact to make public that its saviors in the days of the Apache drama are, in each and every instance, sleeping in graves that are unmarked—without even a headboard to designate who they are or where they are.

Prescott and Yavapai county are the cradle of Arizona. It was here that the ball started to roll, and it

Judge N. L. Griffin

The pioneer living resident of Prescott where he arrived in 1864

was to them that the first white man's expedition was attracted. Of the members of that expedition, only a very few remain. In a decade they will follow the wing that has gone. Appreciating how invaluable the events of the earlier days will set on the equilibrium of the present, an effort will be made in these chronicles to recall some of the noteworthy happenings of the earlier days, the period, in short, attending the combat when the Apache contested every inch of the land invaded, when whites fought whites, when the earth was seething in all the fury of a cataclysm, to again break through the crust of the volcano that buried everybody and everything in one way and another. The domain to be included in this brief resume is confined to that region lying north of the Gila, an area in its day that was known as Yavapai county, and embraced over 50,000 square miles of land. To secure this data, friendly intercourse has been had with a few of the generous old-time pioneers left, and to whom the writer is grateful for kindness shown and information furnished.

ADVENT OF THE FIRST WHITE MAN.

No matter what biographers may say, or what visionary writers may speculate on as to who was first to enter and become identified with Arizona, the fact is incontrovertibly established that Paulin Weaver has the honor and the distinction of being the first white man to live in Arizona. As long ago as 1830 he explored alone the region lying along the Verde river, forty miles north of the present city of Prescott, and so informed many of his associates in this section in later years when he was permanently located. He came to Arizona to lay out ground for the Hudson Bay Company and for the purpose of following the trade of trapper for that company. In 1843, or thereabouts, he again returned to the Verde, being accompanied by Captain Joe Walker and the famous Kit Carson. They followed the vocation of trappers, and when the streams were devastated of game, Carson and Walker left with the booty. Weaver continued to live here, and became a roving member of the many Indian tribes then in existence. He was a typical mountaineer, of a magnificent physique, and a genial disposition. Probably no man ever lived who enjoyed

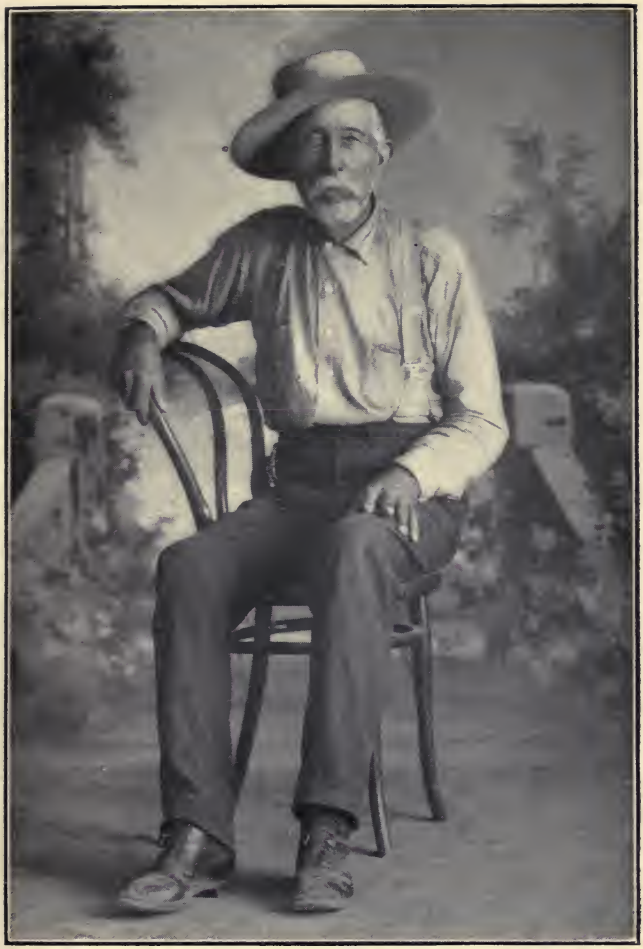
the confidence of the Indian more than did he. He would travel at any hour of the day or night into their camps, and during the hostile period in later years, when the whites entered, the chain of friendship was never disturbed or broken. He acted as the pilot on many expeditions to make treaties, and until the outbreak became general and uncontrolable, was successful. He located in the 60's at a gulch in the southwestern part of this county, and to this day the place is called Weaver. He followed placer mining for years, and acquired considerable "dust" at one time. His long career in the interest of exploration, the hardships and privations incidental thereto, and the strenuous life of the day when he was in the prime of manhood undermined him, and he retraced his steps to the scenes of other days, the beautiful valley of the Verde, where he passed away in the later years of the 60's. Paulin Weaver was a picturesque figure in the pioneer era, and was beloved by all Arizonans.

WALKER'S FAMOUS EXPEDITION.

Not excepting the entry of the gubernatorial party and the organization by them of the Territory in 1863, is there a more noteworthy event to chronicle in the history of Arizona than the entry of the famous little band of intrepid men under Captain Joe Walker.

In the lore of frontier doings, the trite expression of today is applicable—this was "going some." This expedition will go down in history as the most notable one that ever graced western annals, and no exception will be made and no ground given to place it at any other point than the top notch of American enterprise and exploration. In 1861 the formation of this party was accomplished, and Joe Walker was selected as its leader. Keyesville, California, was the point of rendezvous, and from there nineteen men started on their long journey.

Twenty years or more before Captain Walker had visited Arizona with Carson and Weaver. His observations were conclusive, and, returning, he moulded his men into a unit. His conception of the land was that of game there was an abundance of wood and water there was plenty, but above all other things, surface indications gave him the fondest hope that placer gold and quartz veins of gold and silver existed. With such



Judge W. H. Kirkland

THE patriotic Arizona pioneer, now in his 75th year · He has the honor and distinction of having raised the first American flag in Arizona over a Mexican fort at Tucson, Feb. 20, 1856. Only 17 American were witnesses of the historic event, each "armed to the teeth". Judge Kirkland pulled the rope with one hand while he held his navy revolver in the other.

tidings to allure the adventurous, every man of the party got into the saddle, and, with the wild elation that seizes men to make history and to gain renown in a pecuniary channel, the expedition got under headway. The party crossed the Colorado river at Fort Mohave, and from there wended its way to the base of the San Francisco mountains. Here a halt was made and an inventory of the food supplies taken. It was found that the resources in this line were insufficient to permit of extensive exploration in the region in which today Prescott and the tributary gold fields exist, and after a consultation the decision was arrived at to continue on to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Breaking camp, and in a few weeks entering the Navajo Indian reservation, the troubles of the party commenced. The Indian disputed the right of the pale face, and without any parleying, Walker and his party opened hostilities, killing several, and paving the way for the advance. Fighting continued as progress was made to the goal, and when the objective was reached not a man of the party was missing, although some had been wounded by arrows from the redskins. The members of the party were startled on arriving in Albuquerque to learn that the Civil War was in progress, and for a time it was believed the morale of the organization would be shattered by the eagerness with which several desired to go into the field with one or the other military forces. Some few enlisted for a limited time, and when service expired they retraced their footsteps to the mother body and renewed with more zeal than ever the object of the expedition. In speaking of the entry of the party into Albuquerque, a survivor of the party who is alive today and resides in Prescott, states that the Mexican population stampeded when they beheld the raiment of the men. They were attired in buckskin clothes from head to foot, the edges fringed and highly colored. Each member was a typical mountaineer, and when the purpose of the organization was learned, several recruits of the same type heartily entered the enrollment. In 1862 the expedition was again under headway, and following the Rio Grande and crossing the Black Range of mountains, Tucson was reached. By this time over thirty intrepid men were on the roll call. From Tucson the party traveled toward the northern fields, the point oirginally mapped

out. They fought the savages in the southern country, and hardly a day passed without an encounter. Arriving in what is now Prescott, small wings of the party struck out in different directions to explore. After several streams had been exploited, Lynx Creek, but ten miles distant, was selected, placer gold being in evidence in every place dug into. Here the patry went into camp as a permanent organization. They were successful in mining, and hundreds of thousands of dollars of the "free stuff" was washed out of the soil. It was here, too, that the dismemberment of the organization took place. One by one, individuals left, and in a few years as an organization the famous Walker party went into shreds.

The entry of this party into central and northern Arizona signalized an event in history that few appreciate or consider in this late day. It was the initial organization of white men that came; it was the pioneer body that had the nerve to settle an area and mould it into a scene of life and activity; it faced not a habitation; not a foot of the entire region from Tucson to Fort Mohave had a spade full of the ground tilled; not a white man's cabin even was in evidence, much less a human being of the same race. It was in all of its natural beauty on one hand and its horror on the other—a wilderness of the most bewildering type. But it was conquered, nevertheless, and in a few months afterward the gold seeker, the home builder, the farmer, the artisan, the politician, the bad men, came in long and continuous caravans and the country was opened.

The original roll call of this party has been preserved in memory's chain, and is as follows when it started from California: Captain Joe Walker; his nephews, Joe Walker and John Walker; John J. Miller and his sons, S. C. Miller and Jacob L. Miller; John Dickson, Arthur Clothier, Robert Forsythe, George Lount, George Blosser, Luther Paine, George Coulter, Felix Burton, Jake Linn, Martam Lewis, Frank Finney, Colonel Hardin and Dutch John. To which are added the following on leaving Albuquerque: Jackson McCrackin, William Pointer, Dan E. Connor, Bob Noble, Jack Swilling, Messrs. Gilliland, Benedict, Chase, the Young brothers, and four more whose names have been lost. Of the above cavalcade that drove their stakes

Gov. Goodwin's Mansion

ERECTED in Prescott in 1864. Coincident with the erection of this building Prescott was proclaimed the capital.

permanently in central Arizona, the Indian arrow, disease and old age have thinned the ranks until but two men are alive today of that memorable party. They are Samuel C. Miller and Dan E. Connor. The latter is resting at his home in the old homestead in Missouri. Mr. Miller is still on the ground that he "picked" out in 1863, and which is situated but one mile from the court house in Prescott. He was the youngest member of the party, and mentally and physically is as alert as men of today one-half his age. He said in 1863 that he came to grow up with the country, and is still growing. So he has the honor of being the first pioneer in all of central and northern Arizona, alive today, if he is not in fact the ranking pioneer in continuous residence in all of Arizona.

OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

Following close on the heels of the arrival of the Walker party, the news of which reached eastern and western points of the Union from six months to a year later, small and large expeditions were formed and got into action. The incentive with some was to get into the new gold fields, with others to locate land for agricultural purposes, to engage in the lumber business and merchandise, to freight, and, in short, to pursue any vocation or calling that a new country demanded in either muscle or brains. Accordingly, the Santa Fe trail was swarming with the hardy from every point east of the Rockies, while from the Pacific a stream of adventurers crossed the Colorado on the west. All of these expeditions had but one objective point, and that was the then little hamlet of Prescott.

In date of arrival, the Saunders party probably has the honor of being among the first families to reach this section. It preceded any other by a few months, and came in from the "inside," as was the term used by the pioneer in the earlier days when referring to California. They located in the village of Prescott in March of 1864, and the following people comprised its makeup: Julius Saunders and his wife, and their children—Mary Frances, Pete, Tom, Irvine and Rob, and Jerome Calkins. Many of the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are still living and have continued to claim this section as their home. The only daughter, Mary Frances, is the wife of Sam C. Miller, and

resides with her husband on the old homestead one mile west of Prescott. Tom, Irvine and Rob are also alive, the two former living in Arizona and the latter in California.

The Lee party reached Prescott from the East in 1864. The personnel was made up of Charley Beach, Louis Huning, Andy Steinbrook and wife, J. H. Lee and wife, Captain Hargrave, Lieut. Taylor, and others whose names are not recalled. Aside from Indian conflicts the journey was uneventful. They lost none of the members of the party, however, but suffered many hardships.

The Wells party was another notable combination of "early birds" to venture in. It originally was mustered at Denver, and E. W. Wells, Sr., was entrusted to guiding it. As it traveled through Colorado it began to grow as a snowball does when in motion, and when old Fort Wingate was reached it was composed of over 65 members, there being several small boys and girls in the party. At this military post the command was halted and forbidden to proceed by the commanding officers, news being received that it was a perilous undertaking, owing to the general uprising among the Indians in Arizona. Two months passed and, taking the bit in his mouth, Captain Wells broke through the cordon and arrived in Prescott in 1864, after several Indian skirmishes, but fortunate in not losing any members. Surviving this expedition are Judge E. W. Wells of Prescott, a son of the captain; Dr. Sweatnam of Phoenix, together with several of the children of the senior Osborn, among the latter being Neri, John and William and two daughters.

Following the Wells party came Joseph Ehle and wife with several of their chidlren, and others. Mr. Ehle desired to go into the live stock business and open a "long-felt want" in this section in the shape of a dairy. He had a string of over 200 head of fine milch cows on leaving Albuquerque, and when his party reached Prescott the total number had dwindled to three bulls and one sickly heifer, the Indians picking them off one by one in the three months they were on the road. Mr. Ehle still survives the vicissitudes of the early days, as also do his daughters, Mrs. James M. Baker, Mrs. John Dickson, and his son, John. The latter has closed 66 years on this earth, and but a few

Hon. and Mrs. Samuel Miller

MR. Miller killed the Indian Chief Wauba Uba, and saved the lives of many men, woman and children. Mrs. Miller is the pioneer woman of Northern and Central Arizona.

weeks ago entered the home stretch on the matrimonial track. Joseph Ehle is now entering the ninety-fifth year of his life.

Another arrival of pioneers with their wives and children consisted of the Alexanders, Varney A. Stephens, George Banghart, D. W. Shivers, Jacob Kelsey, Mrs. Brown and many others of the '60 era whose names cannot now be recalled from that dim day. These noble women braved with the men all the trials and vicissitudes of the day, and in many individual instances they were just as courageous and self-sacrificing as their male companions, whether husband or brother. When history pictures the true story of the Apache, and when it recites the heroism of the fair sex, a beautiful parallel will be drawn to prove that American womanhood in the '60's along the Hassayampa was an exact counterpart that succored the pioneer in Minnesota, in the Dakotas and other frontier days when the Star of Empire was racing westward.

BEGINNING OF INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

Coincident with the arrival of the Walker party, or practically a short time thereafter, the horizon began to assume an ominous hue, so far as relations between the white and the red man are to be considered. The Apache demanded a tithe for the use of the grass to feed the animals, the water was to be paid for, the game belonged to the God of the Happy Hunting Ground, and other ingenious exactions were demanded from the pale face. Seven miles south of Prescott this formal demand was made, and no sooner was it done than a shot rang from the rifle in answer. Thus the horrible drama of Indian warfare was begun in the winter of '63, and it did not cease till ten years later. In that time what a frightful retrospect to look upon! From one to the other of the then twenty tribes it was flashed from the mountain tops by signal fires and other means to exterminate the whites. The government at Washington was appealed to, and it sent its soldiers. But the handful was like feeding the flames of a Vesuvius. The military were good as far as they went, but they were here to hold and preserve the domain from invasion by the South, and, and their zone was practically limited in consequence. But what ser-

vice was performed was valiant and to their credit. The civilian—and by that I mean the pioneer—took the matter in hand and without any authority, and without a dollar in pay. The regular military service was but an auxiliary to the citizen, but they performed praiseworthy duty in every instance. This was the critical era in northern and central Arizona, when the scales were trembling, as it were, in the balance. Men from every camp volunteered; all organizations with a kindred feeling worked and acted in unison. The Civil War struggle between the North and South was brushed aside, and a common cause faced all. Those who still survive those perilous days whisper modestly in the ear of their inquirer and answer with one word: It was "hell." Shortly after the beginning of the Indian warfare, late in the fall of the same year, General Craig, in command of the military and civilians, made an expedition to the south of the Hassayampa and annihilated, in the Bradshaw range, two large bands of Indians. For this grateful work Washington advices a few months later were received peremptorily ordering him to relinquish his command and report forthwith at Fort Churchill, Nevada, for "duty." The sentimentalists of the East, the weak-kneed brethren, in other words, had got in their work and reached the soft side of the ear of the powers that be. But this had the opposite effect so far as the civilian was to be reckoned with.

At this juncture the

GHASTLY PINOLE TREATY

came into life and was executed without a hitch. It may or may not be termed a just measure, but at any rate the trick was played, and it performed the purpose it was intended for. At this particular time King S. Woolsey, a civilian, had been combing the mountains and canyons of the country with a handful of men, and bringing out the Indian. He was tireless in his operations, and wherever he ventured there was something to place in deposit in his bank, as he termed it. He scoured every nook and corner with the men under him, and hundreds of Indians fell. This was what was known as "Woolsey's First Expedition,' 'or, to be more exact, the Pinole Treaty on the side. Securing a large quantity of corn, wheat and barley, the orthodox dish

known to the Mexican as "pinole," a favorite viand with the Indian as well, was prepared, and under a flag of truce he asked for a consultation with the chiefs of two tribes. This was granted and the preliminaries were arranged. Both parties congregated at a given point, and the big pow-wow was started. A preliminary was the distribution around the camp-fire of the pinole, and in addition the traditional pipe of peace was being indulged in. In a few minutes after the assemblage got in working order, and while the food was being devoured, Indians began to groan piteously and fall into the circle in front. At this juncture Woolsey gave the signal to begin operations, at the same time whipping out his six-shooter and shooting the two chiefs dead in their tracks. What the bullet did not hit, the pinole did. The latter was said to be "spiced" up with strychnine. The casualties were frightful on the Indian side, and the two bands were practically annihilated. Some authorities state that over 150 Indians were "murdered," while others say that 105 were killed, the other 45, the difference in the grand total, succumbing from acute cholera morbus. At any rate, the celebrated Pinole Treaty opened still wider the flood gates of the bloody days that followed for nearly a decade, and of which I shall write in future chapters of this history.

PART II.

WOOLSEY'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

IN the next year Woolsey again came into prominence in his Indian work. He cut loose from the military that was now coming in, and, in turn, the military would have nothing to do with him. He organized another expedition and had 101 men with him. His headquarters were at the Woolsey ranch. The railroad today runs within fifty feet of it on the Prescott and Bradshaw Mountain line. It is less than 20 miles distant from Prescott. Woolsey worked stealthily and entrusted his plans to none but his closest friends and supporters. Being asked one day where his pay came from, and why he was so determined in his Indian warfare, he simply opened his vest on the left side and placing his hand over his heart said that was the motive power behind his body.

His second venture proved more bloody than the first. It occupied the field for over a month and was unmerciful and vicious in its work. No prisoners were taken, and after the big "clean-up," as it was termed, had taken place, Woolsey moved away and settled in what is now the Salt River Valley. He was a magnificent type of manhood. Standing over six feet in his bare feet, with eyes and hair as black as jet, with a frame perfect in its symmetrical proportions, he commanded attention at all times. He was always reticent, was as true as steel to all, and was never known to prove false to any one. He was in the late 70's chosen to preside over the Senate of Arizona, and his fair dealings with the members again stamped upon his official duties the same justice that followed him in his fight against the Apache. In a convention he was later nominated for Congress, but was defeated at the election. He passed away a short time afterward in Phoenix, and lies buried—well, no one knows where.

A ONE-MAN ARMY.

In the long chain of personal reminiscences of the Apache days it would simply be criminal not to take one big link from the same in another personal channel, and include the name of John Townsend, and give all the honor that is possible to him in his career during these trying times. His name is idolized wherever it is heard, and he stands alongside of the late General Crook in the affections of the people. He fought the Apache single-handed, and trustworthy sources state that he killed at least sixty-five of them, and without any assistance whatever. At one time he was employed under General Crook as a scout and when the command left Fort Whipple, Townsend was with it. As the column came into the zone where the Indians had been located he broke loose and went at it single-handed. Returning, he displayed fifteen scalps, while the soldiers had not a single victim to their credit.

This incensed General Crook, and he immediately discharged Townsend. Behind this intrepid man there was but one thing for him to live for, so informants say, and that was the extermination of the Indian. It was due to the loss of his father and mother by the Comanche when he was a child in the cradle, and

Joseph Ehle

NOW in his 95th year. Said to be the oldest living Mason in the United States. He is still vigorous in Prescott where he has resided during the past 44 years.

the most beautiful anticipation in life that he looked ahead to was when an Apache got within range of his gun. With all of the man's bravery he was endowed with a fertile brain, and was well trained in an intellectual way. His method of operating against the Indian was to go alone into the mountains and hide out, and locate his game. He would never falter at numbers, but shield himself in a position that was impregnable and secure from an attack from the rear. So universal was the affection for him that he was called to Prescott in the zenith of his glory, and in an open meeting presented with a handsome Winchester and a thousand rounds of ammunition. To this gracious act he responded in feeling language, and in a few days the tidings reached the people that the gun was doing good work, and was a dandy, which was suggestive that Townsend was on the firing line again. But with all of his cunning and his bravery, he fell a victim to the Indians and put his foot in the same trap that had been laid for them so many times. He followed a band and ascended a mountain for observation. He had reached the most elevated point—Dripping Springs—and here his life ended. He was shot through and through, and from the location of the wounds must have expired at once. His horse, on which he usually traveled, remained beside its master for at least five days, pawing the soil near him in an endeavor to rouse him. When the body began to decompose the keen sense of smell told the animal that death had taken place. Measuring the hoof steps of the animal down the mountain side and the space between the steps on level ground below, the horse walked slowly down the incline, but on level ground must have galloped to the Townsend ranch without a break in speed for over ten miles. The appearance of the horse, riderless, alarmed the neighborhood, and trailing the tracks, a party found the body in a badly decomposed condition. His remains were brought to Prescott for burial, and now lie in the Masonic cemetery, of which Order he was a member. Until a decade ago his grave was marked with an ordinary head-board, but time has obliterated the plot where John Townsend is sleeping today.

MEMORABLE INDIAN FIGHTS.

During the carnival of blood that extended from

1863 to 1873, over 600 white men were killed by the Indians in that zone lying north of the Gila and Salt Rivers. These fatalities were confined principally to "picking off" travelers in parties of from two to five. Organized bodies were very seldom molested, excepting of course, the military operations in a general fight. Many ranchers fell in the field while at work or in going from home to a neighbor. Invariably the white victim was scalped and horribly mutilated otherwise. As there is no record of many events, the more important of the combats will be mentioned, and as they are recalled by those who were conversant with or were principals in them.

At Prescott.—During the construction of the gubernatorial mansion in '64, the carpenters engaged were "annoyed" they say by the Indians creeping up in range and bothering them by imitating the coyote so as to attract them to the rocks and timber near by. The decoy was short-lived, however. While the men continued their labor on the building another party ricochetted around the hill and there were three "good" Indians less. At another time the Apaches entered the town in numbers at dusk, killing one man and stampeding all the milch cows in the burg. A posse got into action and returned in two hours. There was nothing doing after that, and there were several Indians to the good.

At Battle Flat.—While returning from a mine prospecting trip in the '60's Fred Henry, Frank Short, Sam Small and Messrs. Hinckler and Binkley were attacked just after coming down the northern slope of the Bradshaws. They made a run for the open and level ground adjacent, and there stood. This fight goes down in history as one of the most remarkable and noteworthy in Arizona history of the Apache days, and is still rehearsed at every opportunity. Each member of this quintette was shot from five to fifteen times, but not one was killed. The combat lasted for over twelve hours, and over 160 Indians were engaged. The strongest man of the party, physically, at night broke through the cordon and wended his way to Walnut Grove for relief, but owing to his wounds made slow progress. He was Hinckler. The distance was eight miles, and the next morning their rescue was accomplished, and just as the redskins were re-

forming for a final attack. Over 40 Indians were killed. The four men were "all in" and one Mr. Binkley had one eye shot out, and the eyesight of the other was gone. Later, however, his wounded eye regained sight. This little band had not a morsel of food or a drop of water for over 36 hours, and with their ammunition nearly exhausted.

SKULL VALLEY.—To those who today travel on the railroad to the south from Prescott they will hear the cry of Skull Valley from the conductor. That means nothing to the ordinary traveler. But to the pioneer it echoes and re-echoes. It was here that there was something on the boards in the drama of the Indian days. The story is told that the baptism was deserved and well earned. M. P. Freeman was camped here with a long string of teams en route to Prescott in the 60's, with freight. The Indians (and there were over 400 of them) desired to make a "treaty" with the owner. They only wanted the horses and mules, some 100 in number, while the owner could take all the provisions excepting the flour. Freeman's answer was both barrels of a shot gun, and seven Indians and three spokes of a wagon fell to the ground. Then the ball opened, and the slaughter began. There were 21 white men and 33 Mexicans on one side, and at least 400 Indians on the other. The fatalities were frightful, and many valuable animals were killed. The Indians' loss was over 75, while the whites had several killed and nearly every man was wounded. In this fight Mr. Binckley, one of the heroes of Battle Flat, was also engaged, but was not hit. As he said afterward, "I had all the lead I could carry anyway, but didn't I get even that day!—and with only one good eye!" The carcasses of the dead animals were permitted to lie on the ground; hence in later years there were many skulls to give the place the name that time does not efface.

WHAT A BOY'S PLAYHOUSE DID.—A pathetic story is that attending the memorable fight at Fort Rock, christened so from the part a little boulder figured in the combat. Thad Buckman, a boy but twelve years of age, had constructed around the cabin where his father and mother lived, a playhouse of little rocks, forming them into a semi-circle. One boulder was the chimney, about twelve inches high and eight wide. Pat

McAteer, William Poindexter, a soldier carrying the mail, the Senior Buckman, and two or three others were attacked here by over 100 Indians. They were all on the outside, conversing. The first volley wounded all, and all but McAteer retreated to the cabin, wounded. The latter dropped down into the playhouse and commenced a fusillade, being partly secluded from view by the boy's handiwork. The boulder he used as a protection for his head and it well served the purpose. McAteer's position on the outside was a favorable one. The bullet would strike a rock and ricochet, and from the port holes in the building the location of the Indian would be told him, hence he could locate the devils. During this fight, the boy in the cabin was lying wounded with both legs broken by a bullet. His father and mother would gently raise him up and hold his face to the port hole, and he would fire. Every shot counted. His aim was unerring. Locating the chief of the tribe riding over 300 yards away, the boy was again raised to the opening, and fired his last shot. It brought the chief to the ground, and the fight was at an end, after an all-day battle. The Indians left the field at once. In after years this slab of rock was put away. It showed the dents of many bullets, and probably saved the party from a horrible fate. Over 30 Indians were killed in this memorable fight, and to this day the place bears the unique name of Fort Rock, from that little incident of a boy's unintentionally built fortress.

Sam Miller's Nerve.—Every pioneer of Northern Arizona knows of Sam Miller, or is personally acquainted with him. He was the "kid" of the famous Walker party, and piloted the corvettes of the Colorado desert from the time that the memory of man knoweth not. In the vernacular of a day gone by he was the "boss" freighter on the road, and had the slickest lot of mules that ever came from Missouri. He went out of the business just as the Southern Pacific railroad left Dos Palms, because the opposition of the iron horse pinched him down to short rations for his mules. So he quit the road, and went to mining and is now engaged in praying for rain on a dry ranch. In the early days Mr. Miller took passengers along with merchandise, Pullman accommodations barred. He left Hardyville on the Colorado river on one trip loaded to the brim on

Col. Alex. A. Brodie, U. S. A.

FAMOUS in the Apache and Nez Perce wars and also as Major of the Rough Riders in the Cuban war.

the main deck, and in the "trail" wagon there were three families, and that means several women and more children. George Banghart was among the passengers, and with his wife and four young ladies, the preciousness of the occasion will be appreciated, as these ladies were gifted with more than the ordinary beauty and personal accomplishments. Mr. Miller, on the other hand, says he was "skeered" up somewhat as the route of his journey lay through the Wallapai country. The trip was uneventful until Beale Springs was reached, and the many wagons were parked for the night. As the sun was setting, the horizon seeemd to be alive with the red devils, and it seemed to Mr. Miller that the entire tribe was in action. Suddenly the head man of the tribe, Wauba Uba, rode up and demanded a "treaty," saying that the horses and mules and the flour was all that was needed. The argument was brief. Mr. Miller reached for his Hawkins rifle and sent a bullet crashing through the lungs of the Indian, tearing a hole in his body as big as his hand.. Immediately there were preparations made to resist an attack. This was unnecessary. Being trained to know the characteristics of the Indians, Mr. Miller knew that when once a chief falls the "jig is up." He allayed all fears, and felt "very comfortable." The entire band dispersed, and from that time there was no sign of Indians on the road to Prescott. Had the demand of Wauba Uba been complied with there is no question in Mr. Miller's mind that a massacre would have followed pell mell, and the women would have been taken into captivity. The rifle that did the "business" is still in possession of Mr. Miller, and may be seen at his home in Prescott. There is one woman residing in Prescott today who was present on that critical evening; she is Mrs. E. W. Wells, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Banghart. She is the wife of Judge E. W. Wells, and in the 60's, shortly after the memorable event at Beale Springs, she was married. She still talks of the narrow escape that signalized her coming to Prescott.

THE WICKENBURG MASSACRE.—This is the old story of a stage coach full of human beings being ambushed and slaughtered. It is still referred to, and has been the subject time and again of magazine articles and theoretical speculation as to some of its inside work-

ings and strange perplexities in certain lines covering the deed. The story goes thus, and the reader can draw his own conclusions: The regular mail stage had left Prescott, and in about fifteen hours had reached Wickenburg. From there the route lay to Cullen's Well, and thence to the Colorado. The destination was San Francisco, and the passengers were: Frederick Shoholm, F. W. Loring, P. M. Hammel, W. G. Salmon, C. S. Adams, Mollie Sheppard, and William Kruger, with a man named Lang as the driver. The stage was attacked by Indians nine miles from Wickenburg, and the only survivors were the woman and Kruger. Of these two latter it is best not to dwell too exhaustively, but suffice to say that the woman was a notorious courtesan, while the man was nothing more nor less than her "lover." She had a large sum of money on her person, while he had nothing but the ill-gotten gains of her life to draw on. The men who were murdered by Indians or any one else had just closed their business deals and were en route to the coast and Eastern points, in the aggregate having over $100,000 in cash with them. In the beginning of this massacre the woman was slightly wounded while her male companion escaped without a scratch. Talk to the men who were on the scene in that day, and who are yet alive—they will significantly place their finger to their lips and say they "don't care to talk about the d——d thing."

Brodie's Lively Skirmish.—It is not generally known that the late Governor of Arizona, Colonel Brodie, now of the U. S. Army, is a graduate of the West Point military school. Such is a fact. His first field experience was had at Camp Apache, under the late General Crook. It was here that he distinguished himself, being at that time a lieutenant in the Second U. S. cavalry. To him was assigned the delicate duty of escorting General Howard, then inspector-general of the department, out of Camp Apache to a command that was to take him to the southern posts of the territory. This mission was fulfilled. In returning with a squad of his cavalry and when within a few miles of his post, he was ambushed by the White Mountain Apaches. The troopers triumphed, and the Indians were driven in retreat, many being killed. The shooting was heard at the post, and the entire garrison was soon under arms, and came to his relief. So brilliant

Gen. George Crook

WHOM the Apaches called "The Gray Fox." He was the most famous Indian Fighter of his time. This photograph was taken in Prescott in 1874 after Crook had subdued the Apaches, on which occasion the citizens held a celebration in his honor. General Crook died in 1890.

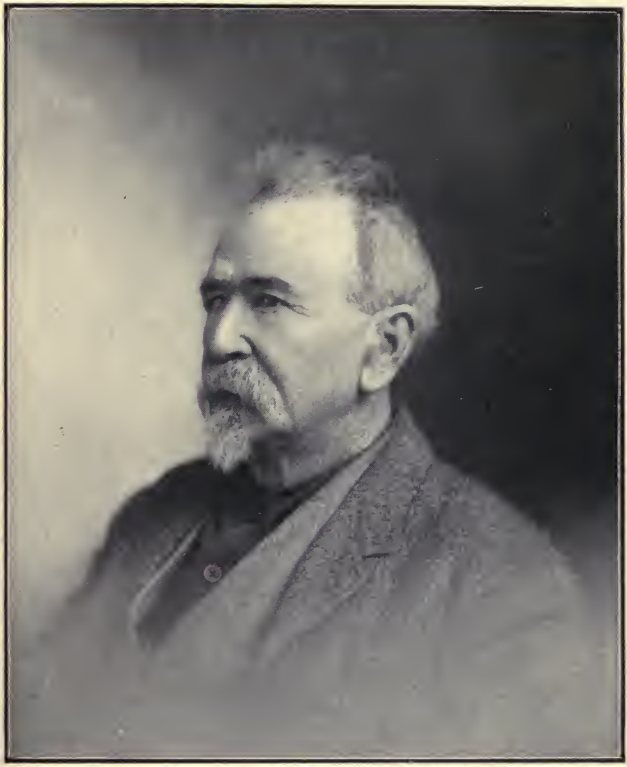
was Brodie's handling of the situation, and so courageously was it executed, that an order of the War Department at Washington was issued commending him for his zeal and valor. The order was posted at West Point in the armory on official orders of the Secretary of War. Later Brodie was sent to the Lava Beds of the North, and again came into prominence in the Indian wars there. He resigned from the army and returned to Prescott to live. In the Spanish-American war he again entered the army, and at San Juan his military training and keen knowledge of field tactics again were well demonstrated, and his name was at the top when that war closed and the Rough Riders were moulded into the nation's history. He was appointed governor of Arizona after this war, and is now permanently identified with the regular army as a colonel. He is probably the last of the old school of soldiers in active service today who served under General Crook. He is a typical Western man in nature, and will do to tie to at the head of a command when anything is on the programme.

CROOK AND HIS WORK.

In 1870 General Crook was ordered from Oregon to Arizona. It was the most auspicious event that ever blessed the territory. His fame preceded him and his arrival was the beginning of the end of the Apache. Up to this time the military under many leaders had succeeded just enough to make the Indians more determined and accordingly more courageous. General Stoneman, General Howard, and all the subalterns had performed their work in an apathetic manner, and the Indian ring, or bureau, as it was called, strangled the military to a standstill. Collier, by his methods, had practically dug trenches in which the blood of the whites flowed unceasingly, and in addition, the military and the civilians were at dagger points at all times. The Indian nature was not known in the earlier days, and treaty making was but a hoodwink—an open door by which the Indian could go or come at will. The sentiment of the church in the East was antagonistic toward a continuation of the warfare, and they handicapped the execution of field operations to a degree that must have pleased the Indian. With the coming of Crook these stupid plans were crucified. The civil

and the military were drawn closer together, and the relations between them were soon cemented in the strongest ties of devotion and fellowship. More troops were asked and given Crook, as it was his purpose to conquer by over-aweing them in numbers and not by slaughter. This pleased the sentimental fraternity of the nation—the church. It also pleased Crook. The Indian, after Crook arrived, was given to understand that once a treaty was agreed upon no one chief was to execute it, but all the chiefs of all the tribes were to subscribe. Heretofore but a small band of a big tribe and one sub-chief had performed this service which was binding only upon that one and a few followers. Crook's alternative was to fight. Several of the big chiefs chose the field, and the warfare continued for over two years.

With the hearty co-operation of the civilians, the military under the new regime got down to work in earnest. Fort Whipple was made the headquarters of the Department of Arizona, and within striking distance were Camp Verde on the east, Date Creek on the southwest, and Wallapai, Rollins and the Willows on the west. Each of these posts had from 100 to 300 men on duty. The Wallapai tribe were annihilated and the final fight that brought them to their knees was on the Santa Maria. The official report to the War Department gave the casualties as: Killed, 16; wounded, 30; captured, 116. The civilian report that was backed by personal observation was: Killed, 218, and surrendered 325. This programme was followed out in the same spirit with other tribes, and in a little over one year the western part of Arizona was relieved of any further trouble. Operations were again started in the vicinity of Prescott on the east, and by 1873 there was the general surrender at Date Creek of all Indians in Northern Arizona. In the meantime, however, the execution had been frightful by the military under Crook. Wherever a depredation had been committed, troops were rushed at once into the field, and scouting detachments were everywhere in action. Over 6,000 Indians, after the Date Creek surrender were removed to the Verde and from the latter point to San Carlos in Southeastern Arizona, where they formed a grand total of over 15,000, all of which is due to the administration of Crook and his able lieutenants.



J. H. Lee

The Hero of the American Ranch

Crook's final blow to the Apache in Northern and Central Arizona was that pleasant event known as the "Squaw Peak Surprise Party." It was learned that a band of over 40 Indians had dropped out of the marching line to the San Carlos from Camp Verde and had taken refuge on the summit of a mountain a few miles distant, refusing to go to the new reservation. Giving instructions to Al Seiber, Dan O'Leary and Pat Kehoe to bring these renegades into the main body, an effort was made to obey orders (?) Only one soul was persuaded to join the party on the road, and that was the only squaw in the band. The "bucks" stayed, and their bones are yet on the pinnacle of that mountain.

I do not believe that General Crook had a single enemy in all of Northern and Central Arizona during the days of his military career. On the other hand his memory is sacredly worshiped, and to this day, when occasionally the old pioneers are grouped in each other's company, and the old, old story is being told over and over again, the monotony of Indian tales is sure to be enlivened by such quaint expressions as "Wasn't George Crook and his bunch a dandy outfit!"

One peculiarity of this great Indian fighter was his reckless and unconcerned regard for his rank, on or off duty. He would head a column attired in a common blouse, and he would mingle with the private soldiers as willingly as he would with the officers. He has been known to go out hunting for game with but a single soldier to accompany him, and to do his own washing and help at the cooking of the game killed without the least concern. The Indians christened him the "Gray Fox," and when he heard of it he simply smiled. He passed away in Chicago in the 90's.

PART III.

NAMES THAT ARE FAMILIAR.

IN Arizona there is nothing in existence today of a chronological nature that records anything personal. Nevertheless, there is a long line of men whose names should be given a fitting and appropriate place on its Roll of Honor. Some of them were of the military, some were of the civilians. They all were "good 'uns" in their day, and they all had their sleeves rolled up to advance the interests of the

Territory in one way or the other. Some used the rifle on the Indian, some built homes and improved the country, some were officials of the government—in brief all were builders. A peculiarity of the early arrivals is the fact that they were men of the world, and all were trained in any vocation they chose to follow. The bad man came, of course, later, but as he neither sows nor reaps, he got the crumbs that fell; but he was short-lived. A few of the many names recalled are the following:

Dan Lount
J. A. Park
John Reese
John Marion
Washington French
H. A. Bigelow
John Dickson
Ed. Peck
Herbert Bowers
Jesse Jackson
A. J. Doran
John Simmons
Louis St. James
P. C. Wilder
"Lud" Bacon
Levi Bashford
H. W. Fleury
John Howard
Geo. D. Kendall
Dan Hatz
Cal. Jackson
Ben. H. Weaver
Gideon Brooke
Michael Goldwater
W. H. Ferguson
James Oneal
Theo. Boggs
A. L. Moeller
A. C. Dunn
Harvey Twaddell
N. L. Griffin
D. W. Shivers
W. C. Bashford
Robert Brown
T. W. Otis

Judge Kirkland
Henry Wickenburg
S. C. Rogers
W. J. Simmons
Coles Bashford
T. A. Hand
Major Willis
C. P. Head
Wales Arnold
Zade Jackson
C. W. Beach
L. A. Stephens
Jim Bones
Charley Genung
J. G. Campbell
W. N. Kelly
Abner French
Jefferson Davis
Pard Pierce
Jack Swilling
Alfred Shupp
Ed. Bowers
C. C. Bean
Geo. W. Sines
Thos. Simmons
Hank Williams
Gov. Goodwin
R. C. McCormick
Hezekiah Brooks
Captain Hardy
W. S. Head
Geo. W. Hance
Jno. G. Bourke
Van C. Smith
W. H. Hardy

The above named were arrivals in the early 60's and with others mentioned elsewhere in specific instances, give the character of the men in so far as Americanism in name goes.

There are two men who lead the longevity column for continuous residence in Prescott. Judge Griffin has been camped in town for over 44 years, while Sam Miller has clipped the same number. It is now up to the calendar for the month to settle the dispute.

Of all the pioneers of the period prior to the 60's in this section there are not over twenty alive today.

A PATRIOTIC PILGRIM.

The first American flag raised in Arizona was at Tucson, and the honor belongs to Judge W. H. Kirkland, residing near Prescott. This historic event occurred in 1856, and notwithstanding that over half a century has rolled around since that day, this patriotic man is still blessed with physical vigor and is as ready as ever to shoulder a musket in defense of his country's emblem. Judge Kirkland has had many thrilling experiences with the Indians, and it is said of him that he is just as cunning as the men of the forest were. Many are the thrilling deeds of this old pioneer, but the hoisting of "Old Glory" supersedes all other events in his long years on this earth. He is traveling rapidly toward the century goal.

THREE WOMEN ON THE FRONTIER.

Why should men be given the sole honor of the deeds of daring and the suffering incidental to the pioneer day? Woman's dominion is said to be the home, and the cares and tribulations incidental thereto. But once in a while this principle is shattered and there is invariably something noteworthy to chronicle when her temperament asserts itself and she takes the reins in hand to do things other than domestic duties. In this connection it is deemed proper to single out three little women and place them where they belong in the dark day of the pioneers in Northern Arizona.

If there is anything nobler in life than charity, the scriptures are wilfully misleading. If there ever lived in this sphere a firmer or more ardent desciple of this faith and one who followed zealously its teachings than Mrs. Ganelli an American woman, it has never been

brought out. None knew her by her true name and none cared to. She was christened "Virgin Mary" and when she passed away it was: "Virgin Mary has gone." Her life was a beautiful exemplification of the teachings of the Bible, and when she was stricken many weeping eyes were seen. Her life was devoted to the wounded and distressed, and her purse and every farthing she could procure went the same way. She went to the cabin or in the field, and at her home in the early 60's in Prescott, there was always the latch string for the needy. The door was always open. Many a man in need and many that were pierced with the arrow or bullet of the Apache found in her a devoted helper. It seems cruel, but it is the way of the world, to say that she ended a beautiful life in distress. She lies buried on the hillside of the Lynx Creek range of mountains ten miles from Prescott, and her memory is almost lost.

In valor or pure "nerve," as it is called in this section of the world, early history would be at fault if it failed to encircle the name of Mrs. Fannie Stevens, the devoted wife of Lewis A. Stevens. The ranch known by this name is situated but four miles north of the city of Prescott, and is nestled just on the outskirts of a veritable inferno of buolders and crevices, just such as the Indian loved in his day of marauding and ambush work. Mr. Stevens and some of his employees were engaged in clearing the rubbish from the ground adjacent to the home, and while so engaged the devoted little woman stood guard over them with a Henry rifle. A bunch of the redskins were about to surprise and sweep down on them when the keen eyesight of Mrs. Stevens detected the bunch of grass was moving, while not a breath of air was stirring. She raised the rifle and it "talked" in pretty language. The Indian was hit and mortally wounded. Others came to his rescue and he was pulled out of range. The male members at once got into action, and several shots were exchanged. Two bodies were found. Mrs. Stevens is still alive, but in feeble health. She lives in Oakland, Cal. Previous to her marriage to Mr. Stevens she taught in the public schools of Prescott, and was known as the "Nervy Schoolmarm" ever afterward.

Another instance of feminine courage is one which is generally known and in which Mrs. S. C. Miller,

Wales Arnold

NOW 71 years of age. A patriotic Arizona pioneer and surviving member of the famous Fourth Regiment, Infantry, California Volunteers of 1863.

alive and residing near the city of Prescott, figures prominently. The occasion when she got hold of a Winchester and held up the Indian was when the latter stampeded a large herd of animals and was making way with them. She held several Indians at bay with the gun, and at the same time opened the corral gate and permitted the horses and cattle to be secure. Asked if she shot any of them, she modestly said "No, but they knew from the way the bullets sprinkled around their feet that I could hit pretty close. We women just had to learn to handle a gun in those days," she says, "and I want to tell you another thing—many nights when Sam was away and I was alone, there would be no light burning in the house that night, and I always retired with a six-shooter under my pillow." Mrs. Miller is a pleasant little woman in conversation, and is charming personally. As Mary Saunders she enjoys the distinction of being the first arrival of her sex in northern Arizona.

DESPERATE DAYS AND DESPERATE MEN.

The mines at the north wouldn't pay,
Nevada was in a decline,
So the miners and bummers straightway
Packed up for this new Forty-Nine.

By no means was the Indian the only evil to be met with in the period covering the day bordering on the middle of the 60's. So far as life in the settlements was concerned the bad man was by far the greater evil of the two. The civil war was raging and sectional lines were drawn only too close to each other. A spark and the explosion followed. The efforts of the substantial and cool-headed people was accordingly directed toward confining the trouble to the naturally inclined "bad men" and in not permitting them to get away from their own boundaries.

In this respect success followed to a certain degree, but in many cases some of the most willful and cold-blooded of murders were committed and the guilty never arrested, even. The lie was equivalent to the crack of a six-shooter, and there was no ceremony to precede the event. The discovery of gold in fabulous sums on Rich Hill brought in every conceivable make-up of human nature from highwayman to prospector, and the business man and laborer also entered. The

more dust taken from that mountain only the more exasperating did the whole situation become, and robbery after robbery of miners and their wealth were frequent.

In the zenith of this, Lynx Creek was also producing handsome sums in placer dust; likewise Big Bug and the Hassayampa.

"The Montana gang," a combination of everything vicious and lawless, equipped with crooked gambling devices, lewd women and bad digestion appeared on the ground, and were followed immediately by the notorious Jeff Standefer and his outfit, with a larger stock of the same goods and wares. These two combinations made a perfect pandemonium of anything and everything and they practically ran the town. The murders traceable directly to them and their ilk were a disgrace to civilization, but with the Indian on one side and they on the other, the respectable element sidestepped any interference and left them to themselves.

Many murders attributed to the Indians were no doubt due to this lawless element, and the play on this line of action was no doubt a welcome opportunity. In a few years the situation was changed and those that remained changed their tactics, and ultimately got out of the groove of "undesirable" citizens. A new era drove these men away as it usually does in all communities where mining excitements lose their boom and the industry settles down to a basis of practical consideration on cool-headed principles.

It is said of Jeff Standefer that he came to Arizona on the reputation that reached him in Nevada that King S. Woolsey was "the" bad man of Arizona. He was also in the same category in the Sagebrush State, and he desired to "meet" the Arizonan and settle the personal claims of each as to the supremacy of the individual. He did so, but in Woolsey he found a man of iron, and a brave one, but not a bad one, so Standefer weakened at a critical time, and gave in. Later he went away, and in Southern Arizona got in front of a bullet and his life went out in a barroom duel.

LEGEND OF THE HASSAYAMPA.

You've heard about the wondrous stream
They call the Hassayamp;
They say it will turn a truthful guy

Into a lying scamp.
And if you quaff its waters once
It's sure to prove your bane,
You'll ne'er forsake the blarsted stream
Or tell the truth again.

Wherever Arizona is known the Hassayampa is also known. Its fame is world-wide. The tenderfoot has bandied it all to pieces and the accepted deduction is generally in harmony with the doggerel given above. The word is derived from the Indian tongue and authorities give it many versions in translation to English. Water is, however, the foundation of the word, some saying that running water is one, while others maintain in the Indian vernacular it signifies queen of waters, and so on. As to the selection of the name it is traced to Pauline Weaver and his version was Beautiful Water, and it was so named. Tradition among the Indians is firmly and immovably moulded in hatred to it since the day a beautiful Indian girl was accidentally killed at a point near its source, and from their theory its waters are polluted, since that time, hence the belief that the Indian hoodoo is perfectly proper and always will be. A bad quality of whisky also goes into the root as Hassayamp water, and so on, and on, until the vocabulary is exhausted.

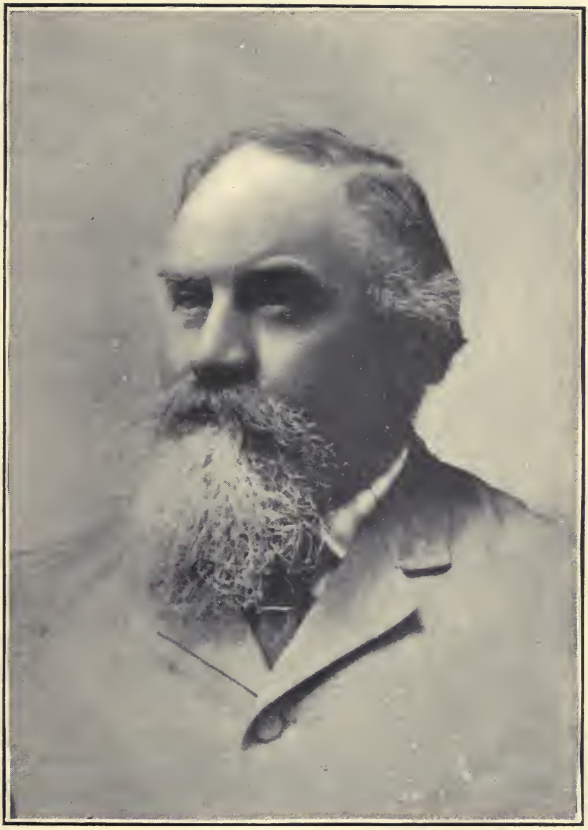
GIGANTIC WILDCATTING.

One of the shrewdest pieces of mining manipulation and one of the most rascally also, that ever took place in the West was the notorious "Diamond Field Discovery" that was incubated and put on the market in Prescott in 1869. Upon the announcement of the so-called discovery hundreds of explorers and the usual followers of mining booms came in and went out to the so-called fields where the precious stones were supposed to exist. The ground laid where the four corners of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado merge, and Prescott in that day was the most desirable point from which to enter. Hundreds came and outfitted there and went on. The inside facts of the "deal" are well known in every detail and the scheme received a wide ventilation when the leak broke. The plans were over three years in maturing and the principals in the wildcat scheme were George Harpending, J. B. Slack and a man named Arnold. The victims were W.

M. Lent, the mining magnate of the stock exchange of San Francisco along with the Senior Tiffany of New York and other wealthy friends of the same city. Behind this transaction was the hatred of Harpending toward Lent, the latter having crucified the former in a stock deal in an earlier day. A break-even turn was Harpending's dream and he got into the harness to accomplish his aim. Slack had had considerable practical experience in the diamond fields of Africa, while Arnold was likewise conversant with the theoretical end of the calling. Both were sent to Europe. They secured several thousand dollars worth of the stones in the rough and in the matrix, as well. Returning the right ground was selected in soil to plant the imported goods, when the news electrified the nation and stampeded the whole country to the scene. It was here that Harpending crept into the play and gave the option to Lent. Geologists of ability were sent to the field and dug up the gems and pronounced the find a genuine one. Other experts likewise reported favorably, and Lent paid over the sum of $200,000 in cash on the first payment. Then the new syndicate began an active career in development. Clarence King, the geologist of the U. S. government, was employed and visited the diggings. He pronounced the same a rank fake. Thus the bubble broke and redress was asked of the sellers. Harpending had placed his money in his pocket and so had Slack. Arnold went to Louisville and bought up a desirable piece of business property, which in a suit he was compelled to give up. Harpending and Slack had no resources that the law could reach, and thus closed the history of the famous diamond fields in Arizona.

ARIZONA'S FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

THERE is one Arizonan alive today who holds a unique station among men, and who enjoys a a distinction that is beautiful and praiseworthy. His name is J. N. Rodenburg, and to him belongs the honor of being the first man who conceived the idea of zealously and fervently observing the birth of the Savior in a wild land and providing the first Christmas tree to be erected in Arizona. This tribute to Christianity was initiated by him under conditions that would seem in this day of peace and plenty as difficult



J. N. Rodenburg

MR. RODENBURG is the man who gave Arizona their first Christmas tree and gathered together the people in an "old home" celebration.

of execution, but those who are yet alive bear evidence to it in its every detail.

Every desert has its oasis. When the day arrived that Arizona was to have its first Christmas tree and the birth of the Savior was to be fittingly celebrated, there was evidence of much humorous curiosity among the frontiersmen as to how the plan was to be carried out. Where were the goods and wares, toys, candies and the like to be had? And where were the children to come from to brighten the occasion, as is so customary in events of this character? A census was taken and in the skirmish seven eligible "kids" were rounded up, together with a half dozen others who were still young, but grown tall. Mr. Rodenburg then got into the theological harness and, with an escort of six men, went into the woods to get the tree end of the occasion. A beautiful fir was secured, and the Indians permitted the party to return in safety. This was erected in Rodenburg's house, and thus was the "big doings" started. A call was issued to the public for the presents to ornament the tree. In that day, over forty years ago, the stores carried absolutely nothing in the line of toys or trinkets, candies or bonbons, and it was here that the first serious problem confronted the committee. A big stock of brown sugar was purchased, and, with the assistance of a New Orleans negro, three kinds of black-jack were skillfully moulded. This settled the sweet end of the programme, the candy being encased in manilla paper bags glued together with flour paste. The tree must have illumination, so the market was searched for all the tallow candles necessary. These were cut in two, and after being tied to the limbs with ordinary twine, another obstacle was conquered. There was a scarcity of ribbons to give the scene the beauty and brilliancy necessary, but the bottom of every trunk was scoured among the ladies who had recently arrived from the East, and a few bolts were donated. Various crude toys and goods were then manufactured by men conversant with the handling of implements, or skilled in such handiwork. Quite a respectable collection was secured in this manner, everybody contributing something that he either could manufacture or purchase. But the most important consideration yet faced the committee, and that was to secure music for the event. An inventory of

the burg disclosed that there was but one musical instrument to be found—a violin, out of tune and minus a string. The owner was conversant with but one air—The Arkansaw Traveler. This was humiliating to the directors, but there must be melody, and after the operator was admonished to play something half way through and then to repeat it with a change in cadence, the day arrived for the event—Arizona's first Christmas tree.

The little home was jammed, and the men who usually wore hard-looking countenances and in their reckless careers were accustomed to the rougher side of human life, recalled the long ago in old New England when they, too, were young and when they also went up to get what was coming as their names were called out by the superintendent of the Sunday school. So they weakened, as it were, and each gave himself up to the spirit of the day with a joyousness that was in harmony with their lives when they were home with the old folks beyond the Rockies. Mr. Rodenburg says that electric bulbs may glow in many colors from the Christmas trees of the present day, trained voices may chant the melodies, diamonds and gilt-edged presents may ornament the garments, children may devour the many colored sweets that are run out by the ton, but that old black-jack was just as good, that old tree was just as handsome, and above it all there was the genuine and the devoted spirit around that old Christmas tree of long ago that cannot be duplicated, because, he says, we did not mix the occasion then, as they do now, with discrimination and commercialism—we gave them all a run for their money.

LEHIGH'S FOLLY.

No branch of the government working to subdue the Indians figured more earnestly or terminated more disastrously than that of the Indian Bureau when the Apache was in the zenith of his freedom and lawlessness. With instructions to the military to crush, a companion order would emanate from the administration for the Indian Bureau to sugar coat with moral suasion the same red men. Thus it will be seen that the central government had two elements working directly against each other. The men with iron hands demanded the bullet, and the sentimental element placed

a Bible in the hands of their representative. At the beginning of Indian warfare in Arizona, and while President Grant was in office, Young Dent, a brother of Mrs. U. S. Grant, was sent to Prescott, with the support of the Indian Bureau behind him. He tried all known methods to pacify the Apache, and after one year's humiliation returned to Washington, chagrined and openly stating that the Indian's nature would not respond to anything except force, and the most strenuous article at that. But the set principles inaugurated were maintained, and after Dent had cast his shoes aside, Minister Lehigh, of Petaluma, California, stepped into them. He came and took quarters with General Crook at Fort Whipple. His arrival was a most auspicious event in his method of pacification. The Indian was rampant in his bloodthirsty work, and Lehigh was enthusiastic to prepare his salve and rub it in on the Indian. He got into harness, and, to his credit it must be said, he worked courageously, going among the different tribes and innoculating them with the doctrine of Christianity. But when a lone horseman happened to be going by and the animal was branded with a U. S. mark, Christian doctrine easily rubbed off, and animal and rider were taken in. The same rule would apply to a long string of freight teams; when the Indian believed he was strong enough to accomplish his ends, his former instruction from the Book of God, for the time being, came in for but little consideration.

But Lehigh never wavered. He worked persistently and enthusiastically, doing some good, and likewise considerable harm. With his chief clerk, also of the same religious persuasion, he went to Southern Arizona, as well as to visit all points in the north. He educated the Indian with kindness that was efficacious, and especially so when it was accompanied with presents, for which the Indian had a decidedly receptive nature. With this method he became known to all the tribes, and was in constant communication with them. Pat Kehoe, the noted Indian scout, in speaking of this trait of the Indian, informed the writer many years ago that this was a trick of the Apache, and he could do the same thing that Lehigh did, but, said he, "When you are alone with an Apache, after you think you have his confidence and his good will, and you want to spit, don't, for heaven's sake, turn

your head aside the thirty-second part of an inch. If you do he will get the drop on you and the jig is up." Lehigh made the same mistake, and he paid for it with his life. He left on a journey from Fort Whipple with his trusted clerk one morning in a buckboard. General Cook endeavored to dissuade him from making the perilous trip, at the same time insisting that he be provided with a strong escort of cavalry, as the route he was taking was alive with Indians. Raising the cushion from the seat on the buckboard, Lehigh drew forth a Bible, and, placing it above his head, informed the general that that little Book had carried him through many a trying and dangerous locality, and that it would stop any bullet that came along. Besides, he said, the Indians knew him, and he feared them not.

Three days passed and Indians were killing travelers and people on the farms. The military, as usual, got into the zone of hostilities. In passing through Bell's canyon the bodies of Lehigh and his clerk were found, the men having been murdered by the Apaches. In addition to taking his life, the Indians frightfully mutilated Lehigh's body. Every portion of his anatomy was hacked in the most barbarous manner imaginable. His body was burned to an extent as to be almost unrecognizable. His clerk's body was not molested. The traveler of today in going through this canyon will be attracted by a big black boulder that lies alongside the road. After being exposed to the elements for over thirty-five years, it still carries the blackened stain it received, and serves to recall the sad ending of a man of the highest impulses to do right to the uncivilized Indian, and who fell in the performance of a sacred duty. With the death of this man, the Indian Bureau received its final blow. Afterward the military followed out its plan of subjugating the Indians, and was successful in its work.

MASSACRE OF THE OATMAN FAMILY.

In the drama of blood that cursed Arizona when the Apache ruled supreme, and when the Territory was about to enter the Union, a subdivision as now established, one of the most ghastly of the many massacres for which the unmerciful Indian was responsible was that of the slaughter of James Oatman and family while en route to California from Texas via the Butter-

field stage route that then traversed Southern Arizona. This wanton murder of a fine family occurred in 1861 at a point midway between what is now Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, and Yuma, on the Colorado river. The spot where the lives of fourteen human beings were wiped out is to this day known as Oatman Flat. This route of travel was the only highway taken by pilgrims to the Pacific Coast in that era, for in the northern portion of Arizona there was no regular or established line, neither were there any wagon roads for vehicles, horsemen being the only travelers, as a rule. As a result of this favorable condition, the old Butterfield stage route was the means usually taken to reach the Coast, and all parties who carried household goods naturally selected it, and particularly so in the winter months. Officially speaking, Arizona at this time was not created, and there were practically no white men living north of the Gila and Salt rivers. Consequently Tucson was the military seat of Arizona, or that zone bordering close to it, and hither all immigration was directed, coming or going.

It was but a short time after this route had been opened that thousands of people were swarming across it, and this fact became known to the Apaches in the eastern as well as the western part of Arizona. Many travelers were picked off, and it soon became necessary to escort mail stages by soldiers drawn from Crittenden on the east and Yuma on the west. Several small parties, in numbers of from three to six, were massacred, and this served as a warning for others to combine at Tucson and travel as a unit. By this method the Indians were checked and travel progressed less interruptedly. James Oatman, however, with his family, ventured unattended, thinking that in keeping in close touch with caravans within a few hours ahead of him he would be safe. He made the venture and lost. He had camped for the night in a flat but a few hundred yards off the main road, the ground being coated with a soft growth of green grass. As the preparations were made to go into camp for the night, two men who accompanied him were sent out in different directions to gather wood. This left in the party himself, his wife, his brother-in-law, his sister-in-law, two daughters—Olive, aged seven, and Mollie, aged five

and one-half years—his son, aged nine years, and five others, males.

There were no eye witnesses of the tragedy that hurled these people into eternity. The struggle must have been a terrific one to the end, however. One of the men who went in search of wood returned to the camp and staid until he hailed the stage that passed during the night. The other man, who was likewise engaged, traveled to the nearest station and gave the alarm. When the military arrived, three were missing. They were the two young daughters and the son. Every one of the dead was frightfully mutilated. The wagons were burned and the animals taken. The scene, in short, was one of horror, and the only consoling evidence of the struggle was the bodies of eighteen dead Indians. One of the men sent in search of fuel stated afterward that he saw the Indians advancing on the camp and that they numbered at least three hundred, and were moving on at a rapid rate, some on foot and others mounted. Three days passed before the military and the civilians reached the scene. The bodies were buried near where they fell. The fate of this family was flashed to both the East and the West, and when the sad story became known it aroused new hatred for the Apaches. To secure the captive children was the momentous problem that confronted the men who had come on their mission of rescue. Couriers were dispatched to Yuma and to Colonel Crittenden, in command of the military near Tucson. Both these wings got into action, and with volunteers from civil life several detachments were in the field in a few days.

In the meantime the eastern States were aware of the sad ending of this party and the plight of the captive girls and the boy. Mr. Oatman had at one time been a minister of the Gospel, while his wife had also figured prominently in missionary work, and especially so among the Indians. Soon the church took up the work of rescue, and in all the entire nation, denominational as well as official, was at fever heat to effect the saving of the captives and the punishment of the murderers. In one of the rescue columns was one of the men of the Oatman party, and in three days after it got into the field the boy was found about twelve miles distant wandering on the desert, in a demented

condition. He was sent to Tucson, carefully nursed, but passed away in a few weeks, without regaining his mental faculties. This incident incensed the white people there only the more, and in their frenzy to wipe out the Apaches eight men enlisted in the service of the nation with the explicit understanding that they be sent to hunt the Indians and effect the rescue of the two girls. These men were filled with the spirit of revenge, but nevertheless they were patriots of the purest type. In that day there were less than a score of unemployed Americans in Tucson, and this will give some idea of the difference between those times and these of the frenzied era we are living in at present, when philanthropy is cast aside to make way for "everything in sight." After nearly three weeks had passed, one of the military columns returned to Yuma and had in their escort the youngest girl, Mollie. She had not been rescued, but was found about three miles distant from the rancheria of the Indians, wandering along the banks of the Colorado River with a bunch of tule grass in her hand, like poor, crazed Ophelia of old. At the approach of the rescue party she became alarmed and fled. With much difficulty she was captured and sent to the military post. She had been sent adrift by the Indians from their camp and left to wander, and later to die. She had lost her mind, and in her ramblings no coherent statement could be secured from her. Her relatives were living in Waco, Texas, and it was deemed advisable to send her to them via Tucson. At the latter place she was placed under medical care, but the shock of her capture had shattered her young and delicate intellect, and after a few months at her old home in the Lone Star State she also passed away.

When the news reached Southern Arizona that another Oatman victim had fallen, the military were roundly and unmercifully censured for not destroying the Indians when their camp was in sight, and when such a favorable opportunity was offered for the consummation of this work at the time when Mollie Oatman was rescued. But the brains of the military were working in another avenue—that of the rescue of the eldest daughter, Olive. The spirit of the soldier was to exterminate the Indians, but the men in command were looking ahead to save the last victim, if possible, and later to deal the final blow. The missionary ele-

ment by this time had also taken a prominent hand in the work, and they had their representative en route. That was the policy of the church, a policy, in short, to vacillate—sugar coat the Indian—and for the handicapping of justice that the frontier was blessed with in that day—the bullet—the church would supercede it with a parson on his knees and his head bent heavenward. By this time the entire missionary machinery of the East was working, and at the same time the military genius,, and particularly that element versed in frontier warfare and knowledge of the Indian nature, was fighting them at every mark in the road. This policy checked every move made, and soon a year passed, with the girl victim still in captivity. The civilians became desperate, and at one time it was the intention to call for general volunteers and petition President Lincoln for assistance. Colonel Crittenden became exasperated and threatened to resign from the army, but upon the promise that his Indian policy would not be discountenanced in the future, he remained and again worked independently. With the assistance of two civilians, veterans of the Mexican War, a plan was outlined to effect the rescue of the girl. A former soldier of the Mexican army had degenerated into a "squaw man" of the Chimevuavis tribe on the Colorado River, and through him it was determined to trace Olive Oatman, whether dead or alive, the medium to be the two veterans of the Mexican War. The military was to co-operate, and with this thread to solve the problem, the two ex-soldiers "donned" the apparel, so to speak, of the "squaw man." The play was without a hitch, and in a few months, or nearly eighteen months after the Oatman massacre, the curtain was rung down on the last act of the frightful drama. The Indians were betrayed by the three men who had presumably been their friends, Olive was rescued, and three of the chiefs were slaughtered in cold blood, along with thirty-two of the tribe.

The poor girl had been so long in captivity and had become so accustomed to Indian manners and mode of living, that the problem of winning her back to civilization was a delicate task, and discretion had to be exercised to this end, so firmly molded in her young mind had become the life she had led. But in a short time she responded, and when she, too, reached Tucson,

she had fully recovered, and with an unimpaired intellect. At Prescott the beginning of the end of another tragedy that was to come in later years was in process of incubation. Olive Oatman was met by the representative of a missionary society, in whose custody the military, authorized by her distant relatives, she was placed. She was taken to Texas and resided with her relatives for some years. When the Oatman massacre passed into history, and shortly after Olive had reached the age of thirteen years, again there appeared on the scene this missionary disciple and asked for the hand of this young and tender girl in marriage, which was readily consented to by her people. She was but a child. After her marriage she was taken to New England, and presumably her union was approved of by the church, from the fact of the prominence of her husband in the rescue work he was identified with in Arizona. But the man had a black heart. He traveled from pillar to post with his young bride; in short, she was the drawing card that filled his pulpit on each and every occasion. It became a notorious proceeding, and finally the wife rebelled at the elastic manner in which she was being handled and desired to be relieved of any further publicity in either the press or the pulpit. Again did the church come into the work of rescue, and after the eastern and northern fields had been plucked of all possible advantages, the couple left for the South, arriving at Nashville, Tennessee. Here they led for a few months a secluded life, and here also was the final chapter in the woman's life enacted. She was stricken with fever, and in a short period thereafter passed away from this earth that she had known for only eighteen years. What became of the man no one cares to know.

Bancroft Library

LEE'S REVENGE.

To provide suitable accommodations in Arizona for the military when bodies of troops were on the march, to feed the cavalry horses and to water the same, desirable sites were selected by the War Department in the Apache fighting days, and such places were designated as "road stations." One of these rendezvous was known by the title of the "American Ranch." It was also a stage station for the mail contractor. That gave it a distinction. Hay, grain, wood and water were

accordingly in abundance at all times, and the wayfarer knew that something was always in the larder. J. H. Lee, the owner, was from the same township that General Crook was born in, so that little incident figured as a pull at the government string, so to speak, and Lee had a "lead pipe cinch" for a time on the good money of Uncle Sam. Mr. Lee put up a good-sized building and stocked it with "the best the market affords." No sooner was it in full blast than the Indians appreciated the strategic importance of the place, and while the owner was away, the sole guardian was run off and the place burned to the ground.

The loss was a complete one, and nothing of the value of a dollar was permitted to escape the flames. In addition over thirteen hundred dollars in cash went up in smoke. That sum was a small fortune in those days; so, with the property loss, and the quartermaster checks, and the temporary abandonment of the station, Mr. Lee and the public appreciated the loss keenly. He attempted to rebuild and regain the prestige of the site, but the wily Indian disputed the claim. This exasperated the man, and he went to the limit of his credit to accomplish his purpose. In time he restored the place and the business came back. The Indians presumably had left that section, and the American Ranch became known for a long time as a peaceable locality and free from danger. But with the restocking of the place, the cultivation of the land in corn and barley and the restocking with animals, the place was turned over under lease and Mr. Lee came into town to live. The new owner was constantly assailed, and the profits of the business were eaten up in guards and protective facilities that required heavy expense to maintain.

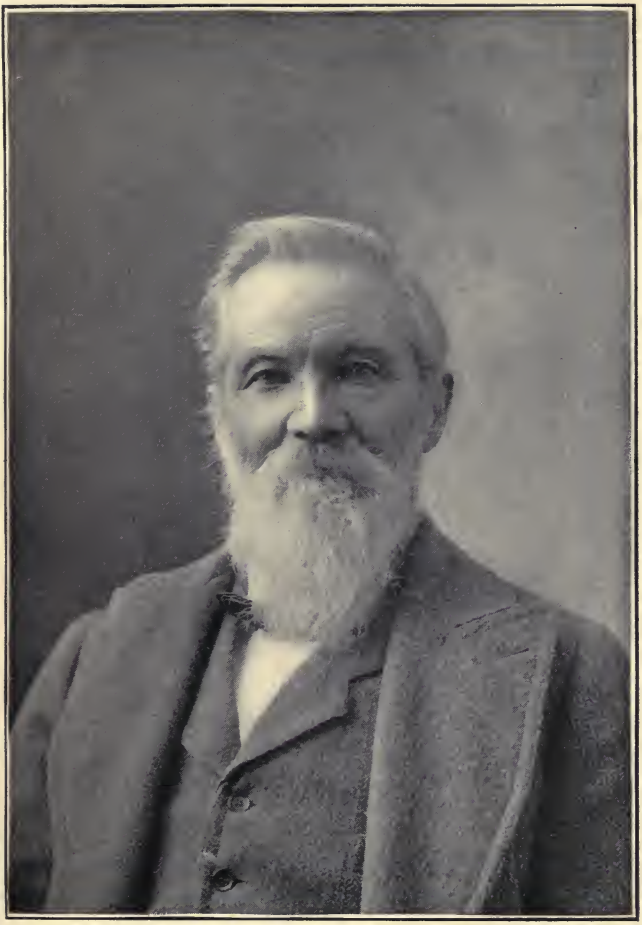
As a last resort the lessee suggested that those red devils should be "fixed," and he adopted a plan to this end. A stock of flour was shipped to the place, and one sack was carefully marked and placed in a convenient place where the renegades could easily secure it. In the meantime the red devils were destroying proprty at a wholesale rate, and many animals were killed while grazing in the pasture adjacent. That night this sack was placed at a convenient point and the next morning it was gone. For several days thereafter there were no Indians to molest the tranquility of the scene. A few days later the military came and

began scouting the country adjacent. With Dan O'Leary at their head, they were piloted to a locality where he had seen their rancherie a few weeks previous. This was the objective point of the troops. The next day the soldiers returned from their scouting. They had capured all that was left of the place, something like fourteen sick Indians, and had buried twenty-four who had died the day previous. The matter was reported to the military headquarters and an investigation was the result. Mr. Lee was exonerated, and in the meantime the lessee had fled the country. This became known for many years as the "Little Pinole Treaty," and it was severely condemned by many people, but the majority were in favor of any method to exterminate the Indians, and nothing was more welcome to white men than extermination of their enemies, even by means of flour doctored up with strychnine. In that era the most fiendish atrocities were committed by the Apaches, and women and children were at their mercy. Like the slogan of the Texan in "Remember the Alamo," so was the watchword ever ringing in the ears of the Arizonan to remember the fate of the Oatmans; and when Miss Pemberton was scalped, lanced and thrown over a precipice for dead, but later rescued by the troops in Southern Arizona, men became hard in their feelings because their environment was such that they could not resist in demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It is an established fact that living springs of water were time and time again poisoned by the Apaches who followed the route of the marching troops. The Pinole treaty was condemned, and so was General Crook for reporting a few souls as killed by his men when in realty and in truth he slew hundreds. At the time when the Indian signal smoke could be traced from the Dragoon Mountains on the south to the Mogollons on the north, from the Colorado River on the west to the Blue on the east, is there any authority to point to living or dead who can say or could have said that in ten years of the Apache inferno one single white man of the many hundreds that were shot down did not fall from a foe that was in ambush? And then, on the other hand, is it not an established fact that of all the hundreds of Indians taken in captivity all were pampered by a sickly sentiment? Moreover, is there one single instance of a

white man who was captured by the Indians and permitted to live? There are a few men alive today in Arizona who are cognizant of the dark days that enshrouded this Territory when such bushwhackers as Sheerum, Natchez, Nana, Victoria, Loco, Geronimo and others of their ilk reigned, who will take off their hats to the valor of the Indians like Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, White Bear and other Northern Indians, because they fought in the open, and man for man, if the occasion called for it.

* * *

BEFORE the curtain falls on the last scene of the bloody Indian drama that cursed Arizona for over a decade, there is but one setting to the stage of the thrilling past. While it lasted it was in one sense of far more importance to the Territory than the preceding events that characterized the fight against the Apache, and incidentally it also gave to the fair name of Arizona for a generation afterward a fearful reputation of horror. But the Territory has emerged from the chasm that engulfed it only the more resplendent and inviting, and the Apache no longer waylays the lone traveler. However, the final stab the Apache thrust in his doom was that frightful event when Loco, a noted war chief of the White Mountain Indians, broke loose from his reservation at San Carlos in 1882. With over 500 followers he raided the beautiful Gila Valley, and death and destruction followed. His cunning was such that none realized it until too late. Teamsters on the road were shot down, farmers in the fields picked off, and prospectors in the hills treated to the same fate. Over fifty were killed, and in one instance two young ladies on a cattle ranch were unmercifully shot down. This outbreak became of national importance, and soon the machinery of the war department at Washington was again oiled up and set in motion. Loco made for the Sierra Madre range of mountains in Mexico, which he succeeded in reaching. General Crook at this time was engaged against the Sioux, and he was again sent to Arizona. In the meantime several fights occurred while the flight of the Apache was in progress, and one of memorable rating was that which Captain Chaffee of the 6th cavalry, directed. But this officer was handicapped in numbers, and had it not been for the lack of water



Daniel Hatz .

ONE of the old pioneers of Arizona who was in the thick of the early struggles of the territory.

for his command, there is reason to believe he would have dealt the Indian a crushing blow.

With the re-entrance of Crook the entire First regiment of infantry was ordered from Texas, and soon the boundary line of Mexico and the United States was alive with soldiers. So far as field operations were concerned Captain Crawford of the 3rd cavalry was practically in charge, being stationed on the line. The Americans, however, could not under treaty rights then prevailing, enter Mexican territory, hence there was an era of apathetic operations. This terminated in 1884, when a general surrender took place, and the Indians were again on the reservation, with the exception of Natchez. This Indian was the son of the famous war god of the Chiricahuas—Cochise, after whom Cochise county is named. Natchez was accordingly the hereditary chief of this tribe, after the death of his father. He was at this time in supreme command of a fearless and cruel band, and his premier, or chief of staff, was the no-less heartless Geronimo. Natchez was a fine type of man physically, standing over six feet in height, with a frame as straight and symmetrical as an arrow. With his magnificent physique, he was what might be termed a "gallant," so far as his association or relation with squaws was considered. He was dutiful to them, and his delight was to squat down on a blanket and play the "coon can game" of cards or engage in conversation or favor them with personal attention. But Natchez tired soon of the hiding-out game and also came in and gave himself up.

With a combination of ten war chiefs, and with Natchez at their head and Geronimo as the second best, these Indians asked to be sent into the mountains near San Carlos. This move was made for a purpose. They desired to mature plans for a general outbreak the following Spring, and they desired the isolation of the region to perfect their plans. They were sent to their new habitation and remained for nearly a year. In the Spring of 1885 they again took to the field in a determined outbreak, Natchez being again at the head, and Geronimo as second in command. Their strength was less than 100 fighting men, but they were the pick of the tribes. This outbreak electrified the nation, and there was everywhere a determined move on the part of the military to crush the Indians once and forever.

Captain Crawford again took the field, and was given supreme command of the operations against the outlaws, who had again made for the Sierra Madres in Mexico. Crawford enlisted fifty-five White Mountain and forty-five Chiricahua Indians, the latter contingent all being brothers of the outlaws. With Crawford's command there were but six white officers: Dr. T. B. Davis, at present of Prescott, Arizona, as surgeon; Lieutenant M. P. Maus, Lieutenant W. H. Shipp, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, Thomas Horne and J. H. Harrison, as chiefs of the Indian scouts. This make-up of white men as against one hundred wild Apaches, and with over one-half of the latter related to the outlaws, will give one an idea of the perilous nature of the undertaking and what would result if treachery supplanted fidelity while on the march in the mountain fastnesses of the route they were to travel. The chase was initiated under these conditions, and over eight months passed without any results being accomplished. The privations of this handful of white men were cruel in the extreme, but the spirit of Crawford was immovably centered to conquer, in which determination he was backed by the white officers to a man. A zigzag route of over five hundred miles in Mexico was traversed by the command, most of the distance being covered on foot with mocassins as footwear, in a chain of mountains in comparison to which the Lava Beds of Oregon are a carpet. There is no region in North America, it is said, that is as rough and rugged as the Sierra Madres of Mexico, with neither trails nor wagon roads to guide. This command had additional privations to face in wading and swimming streams of water. In the heart of this chain of mountains the trail of the Indians was finally cut, and after a forced march of eighteen hours, the greater part of it being accomplished at night, the Indian camp was attacked, and captured, but without success so far as the outlaws were concerned. The camp supplies, the horses and other equipment were taken in, and one chief, Nana, with a few squaws and two bucks, but the morale of the organization was shattered. Natchez was left in the hills with nothing to eat, and soon his squaw ventured in offering to surrender.

The tragic ending of this famous expedition, was here enacted. While Crawford was camped and his

command was recuperating from their long and fatiguing pursuit, a company of Mexican soldiers approached, believing (they said later) that it was the Indian rendezvous. They commenced firing when within range of the Americans, and notwithstanding they were addressed in the Mexican language, continued the fusillade. In the midst of the shooting, Crawford jumped on top of a big boulder, and waving a white handkerchief, asked them to cease firing. A bullet struck him over the left eye and he fell mortally wounded. Several of the Indian scouts were also hit. The entire command with the exception of Lieutenant Maus, were in favor of having a battle then and there with the Mexicans, and had it not been for the ranking officers there would have been a conflict. Crawford was taken on a litter improvised from cane poles and tied with buckskin strings, along with the wounded Indians, and after eight days without regaining consciousness he passed away. Nacori, a Mexican hamlet, was reached in a few days, and the remains of Crawford were temporarily placed there. Later they were removed and taken to his native state, Nebraska, for burial.

The hostile Indians in the hills continued overtures for peace, however, saying that in two months they would come to the Arizona line and surrender. This they did. Funnel Canyon near the line was selected for the big "pow wow." General Crook was notified at Bowie and he came on. A three days discussion followed, and here the fine hand and smooth tongue of Geronimo figured, and henceforth no other Indian in the history of the nation became as prominently known as he. No other Indian but Geronimo had anything to say, and even Natchez was always supplanted when any point was up for discussion. The conclusion arrived at was to surrender unconditionally to General Crook and to come into Bowie. With this understanding Crook and the military left for that military post. But in the interim, several Indian traders were infesting that region, where the military were as thick as fleas, and where revenue was wholesomely diverted into their coffers when there was any liquor to be had. These nefarious venders carried a Mexican decoction known as "mescal," and knowing the fondness of the Apache for the same, they found willing

patrons. Besides, these Indians had plenty of Mexican money secured in their many raids, and the money for the fire-water was forthcoming. The effect of the liquor was to repudiate the contract with the military and Natchez and Geronimo again took to the field, or until their drunken debauch terminated. This news created a stir in military circles at Washington, and Crook was peremptorily ordered out of Arizona. General Miles supplanted him, and inside of ten days Geronimo came in and surrendered thirty-two of his followers to Lieutenant Gatewood in charge of some Indian scouts at the San Bernardino ranch on the border. With Gatewood was Dr. Wood, now General Wood, in the U. S. Army of the Philippines. Critics of General Crook state that if at the time of the agreement to surrender he had persisted in the custom to lay down arms and other weapons the glory would have been his, instead of it all going to General Miles.

With all due respect to all military men and of every rank, the credit of Geronimo's or Natchez's downfall must attach to the memory of Captain Crawford. No expedition ever undertaken on the American continent against the Indians or any other foe can equal that in the Mexican march he captained, nor was there ever in the American army on the frontier a more zealous, a more determined and a cooler officer. He was a trusted subaltern of Crook, and no one can gainsay that as the outcome of his magnificent work on this particular expedition, not a shot has been fired from that day to this by the Apache in Arizona.

THE END.